

67/61
THE

1487.7.6

BRITISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

A

P O E M.

To that rare Soil, where Virtues cluſtring grow,
What mighty bleſſings doth not England owe;
What *Waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and ſenſe,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us ſhe gives, diſintereſted friend,
Faith without fraud, and STUARTS without end.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the A U T H O R :

And Sold by W. NICOL, St. Paul's Church-yard; W. FLEXNEY, in Holborn;
J. RIDLEY, in St. James's-street; and C. MORAN, under the Great Piazza,
Covent-Garden.

M DCC LXIV.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

BRITISH

COFFEE-HOUSE

P O E M



To the late Genl. Sir John Mordaunt, Bart.
Whom we highly esteem, and to his family
We have dedicated our little work, which we hope
Will be acceptable to you, and to your family.
Doubtless each revolving day imports from France
To us the news, of some new discovery,
Which without fail, and without any delay

LONDON
Printed for the AUTHOR

And sold by W. Miller, at Paul's Church-yard, and W. H. Miller, at the
Coffee-house in St. James's Street, and C. D. Miller, at the
Coffee-house in St. James's Street.

1769

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T H E

B R I T I S H

C O F F E E - H O U S E .

MUSE *Speak the Scots, who since Colloden's woe,*
So many Towns, such change of fortunes saw.

But tell the truth, for thou or none can't tell,

How Charley triumph'd, and how Charley fell?

How he hung wanton upon Jenny's * charms,

How wanton both cursed British Billy's arms ;

The strange reverse of Fortune must be said,

How WILLIAM triumph'd, and how Charley fled :

That WILLIAM who chastis'd the rebel host,

And with blue bonnets strew'd the bloody coast :

* Cameron.

B

That

That WILLIAM who repuls'd the northern Loon,
But not the *Stuarts*, nor the chair of *Scoon*.

That Royal WILLIAM with such good possest,
'To make him dear to all the brave and best ;
His mercy ev'n offending *Scots* must own,
For WILLIAM sprung from a forgiving crown :
Rebels his valour, *Whig's* his truth proclaim,
The KING his virtue, and the world his fame.

SING —, how in rags ambitious SAWNEY came,
Without one merit how he rose to Fame ;
How he commenc'd an Author without wit,
How two *Reviews* applauded what he writ ;
How without one desert he creep'd to Court,
And being a Scotsman how he got support :
These, these relate,—these most minute affairs,
And then, O ! muse you'll have a Kingdom's cares.

THE morn was raw,—The Hills were clad in snow,
When Sawney's ey'n first dawn'd upon the mow ;
He rose, he shook, he crack'd, he claw'd his hair ;
But one shake more, had shook his body bare :

To work he went,—but dreams perplex'd his head,
 “ If he saw London he should eat white bread :”
 The hungry thought so prey'd upon his brain,
 He left his work, and backwards trudg'd again ;
 Rapacious lice themselves not half so keen,
 When blown to Sawney, from a beast more clean :
 Prophetic Daddy heard the dream reveal'd,
 And with his kisses blest'd the hopeful *Child*.

N E W clad, (as Scotland cloaths the high-cheek'd things
 That come to London upon Raven's wings)
 Poor Sawney was :—His bonnet had been blue,
 Freckles evinc'd his bum ne'er breeches knew ;
 Nine lank red hairs aside down dangling hung,
 Pendent his arms, which as he strode *swang swung* :
 Legs without calves, but still substantial legs,
 His face with dusky spots like Turkey's eggs :
 His coat of northern cut,——of colour rare,
 Whilom it had bore some,—but now thread bare :
 He could not boast the luxury of shoes,
 But stamp'd as plain a Scot, as Heaven stamps Jews.

This

This *Hebrew* form an open cart ascends,
 A cart for ever bears him from his friends :
 A cart, O ! would a cart receive the whole,
 The noose I'd fasten, and I'd ask no toll :
 I mean the fordid many——blot, on blot
 Deface the word, that wounds an honest Scot.
 Here Sawney found three low, three highland Loons,
 Ganging their gaits to crave some little boons,
 " *For ken ye men, how simple 'tis to lose*
 " *For want of beging, liquor, food and cloaths :*
 " *Mc Donald said, for see ye all, he'll raise*
 " Fortunes by names, and not by worth, or praise :
 " Right, right, replies Mc Duggle, so I ween,
 " For else such lads the Campbells ne'er had been.
 Thus to the crowded CAPITAL they run,
 Those to undo, who cannot be undone :
 For her insatiate, prostituted whomb,
 To some's a cradle, and to some's a tomb :
 Rapacious swallows, like the common seas,
 Fools of all climes, and Knaves of all degrees.
 What's Irish intrepidity of face,
 To this itinerant, venal, daring Race,

A *decent* share must be allow'd to Burk,
But still the Scot's beats all the brags of Cork.

THESE fix, I say, these very wretched fix,
Whom CHARON will deny to cross the Styx,
Were found so wretched poor at BERWICK toll,
To leave for all in pledge, *one mill, one doll*:
Yet boasted still their nobleness of blood,
Tho' crept from Scoundrels from the very flood;
The good old Woman wept, and wish'd them luck,
The waggon rumbl'd, and they claw'd *the Yuck*.
So very dull, yet still so full of spite,
So very vain, with yet so little right,
So full of filth, and yet so full of pride,
Tho' at each jolt a rag forsook each side:
In spite of dirt yet pedigree would glide,
From whom descended, and to whom allied:
Tell me my Muse, alas! thou hast no guile,
Is there a Campbell not a-kin t' Argyle?
It's all one blood,—which ebbs from vein to vein,
And fills alike the vassal, and the Thane:
Cousin they always claim as interests suit,
I've met ten scores a-kin to th' Earl of Bute.

Mute Sawney sat amidst these various themes,
 Yet glow'd in heart, as he approach'd the Thames ;
 His great prophetic soul declar'd him made,
White-bread like oyl upon the surface play'd ;
 But various things unsung of earlier days
 Crow'd in his mind,——as oft at boyish plays
 He march'd a Serjeant,——or in turn a drum,
 From which some good his fire declar'd must come.
 Can none remember, I remember well,
 Adds the sage Father, where the Scriptures tell
 That mighty Cyrus, when a Boy would play
 As thou doth SAWNEY.——These for ever stay.
 With our young Hero,——whose ambitious mind
 To lust and woman was alike inclin'd.
 Revolving thus, the driver stops, and bauls,
 “ *Behold ye gentlemen our great St. Paul's ?* ”
 St. Paul's it was from Highgate's lofty top,
 Where northern Boobies kiss the horns, and stop.
 'The seven gaz'd, nay, they had gazed still,
 Had not the waggon rumbl'd down the Hill.

EACH when arriv'd declar'd he had no plan,
 Yet each would be a great *exceeding* man,

Dubious

Dubious which way to act, which way to take,

Jock took his stick, and thus prophetic *spake*.

" In antient times, e'er Scotsmen writ, or read,

" Or thus like Gypsies strol'd abroad for bread,

" When Scotland held her Kings at HOLYROOD,

" Nor mixt, with Englishmen her purer blood,

" E'er that good chair which FERGUS *caw'd* his own,

" Was dragg'd to London from it's state of SCONE ;

" If any doubts arose, the good *mon* took

" (As I do know) his staff, his sword, or crook

" And let it fall,—that very way it fell,

" Declar'd the good man's journey, ill or well :

" Mine's this my friends, St. Andrew guide ye still."

The stick, prophetic pointing Holborn-Hill.

The rest pursued the maxim near or far,

Some went thro' Aldgate, some through Temple-Bar.

Excepting Sawney,——he'd a nobler scheme,

Lust was his study,—woman was his theme.

The rest, like old LUCRETIVUS' system rose,

By chance—to victuals, and by chance to cloaths.

Make through this sewer of Scotsa strict report,

You'll find the six in office, or at C*.

Unhappy

Unhappy Country, over-run with these,
 A greater curse than Egypt found her fleas,
 Half skill'd in letters—whether black, or gold,
 Sawney went on as passing many told.
 Some sent him here, some there, as humour hit,
 Some put him right, and blest his want of wit;
 If he made use of his unnatural tongue,
 “*Follow your nose my friend, you can't go wrong;*”
 Thus like a *tennis-ball* poor Sawney's pride
 Was bandy'd up, and down, from side, to side.

A LARGE fash'd room at th' end of Cecil-street
 First drew his eyes,—and first receiv'd his feet:
 Which as his head went forward flew behind,
 For Sawney sprung from a submissive kind.
 Here Yorkshire Bucks, who not so wise as rich,
 Bellow the merits of a-horse, or bitch:
 For wealthy Heirs as modern *breeding* runs;
 Pass common sense for Horses, hounds and guns;
 Launch into follies of a great expence,
 And sink Estates,—without the *aid* of sense.
 “Zounds, cries a booted 'Squire what have we here?”
 When Sawney bow'd, and grin'd from ear to ear;

The

The way enquired, which the 'Squire declar'd
Was two miles more—when Sawney turn'd, and star'd

FRONTING steep Meretricious Catherine-street
A Turk's head stands,—a Turk's head round, and great;
Where many a-head as truly great, and round,
As truly thick,—and truly full of sound
Are daily seen,—of no peculiar kind,
Unless peculiar, heads without a mind.
Tho' truth forbid, so kind, so just a muse,
Should blame the widow of so good a house:
A gentle widow, and as gentle gay,
As full of merit, and as full of play
As widows are.—A woman, blest to please:
Tell me a *bar* where eloquence with ease
United flow like her's? she has a tongue,
Ye Gods! she has,—as soft as ever rung:
I love your house,—your sign, the whole for you,
I love your broth,—I love your coffee too:
Widow, excessive love's excessive rage:
In bar, in pulpit, off or on the stage:
Love made me scrawl—be kind I beg to-night,
And bid the Waiter set poor Sawney right.

Not right to principle, for that's forgot,
 For ev'ry 'Tory is at heart a Scot :
 A curse sufficient,——it's by all agreed :
 Who will not curse the reptiles of the Tweed ?
 A swarm beyond whatever Nilus bred,
 Tho' heaven assisted to devour their bread.

Lo! what a wond'rous revolution's here,
 Whigs go to plough, and Tories rule the sphere :
 In times to come will this be understood ?
 " A WILKS imprison'd for his Country's good ;"
 Will Children yet unborn believe these words,
 That F—x and D—d were our patriot Lords ?
 That Pitt retir'd, that G——le took his place,
 T—b—t appear'd at Court, and Bt——e said grace ?
 Won't friends, if friends they have, require belief,
 Lo! E—g—t expired in eating beef :
 A lump of earth, a body mov'd by rule,
 So much the Minister, so much the Tool,
 So much the Patriot, that 'twas hard to prove,
 Turtle or Country which engross'd his love :
 A Ruffian's manners, and quite void of grace ;
 Unfixt in principle, unfixt in place :

And

[II]

And yet at last through mighty dullness shone,
 Amongst the Tories foster'd by the —
 How safe is Treason, when the blackest crimes
 Are 'ras'd, are cancell'd, by seditious times :
 When Fools, when Villains swarm in ev'ry place,
 And rise to power, tho' studious of disgrace :
 Succeed in favours by affecting Fame,
 Tho' damn'd by Truth to everlasting shame.

How wise in counsel England art thou grown,
 To move the very pillars of thy C — :
 Like Jews to triumph in thy SAVIOUR's fall,
 And tread on him, who trampled on the Gaul :
 O! England! England let me wail thy Fame,
 And with a WILKES record a TEMPLE's name :
 What Englishman with spirit won't submit,
 To die with GRANBY, and *resign* with PITT ?

Now had the northern Loon with pains, with care
 Attain'd the Hungerford, where Tars repair :
 Where fir'd in heavy broad sides oaths, and lies
 Roll round the room, about some Spanish prize :

And

And yet it's hard the Room's so very small,
To fight an *action* o'er 'tween wall and wall.

SOME vain of conquest tell their various scars,
And o'er two penn'orth fight two bloody wars :
Some weigh an anchor,—and some *mend a reef*,
Some chaw tobacco, and some eat hung beef :
True sons of Discord all together roar,
Like heavy seas upon a rocky shore :
From Mid to Captain built with equal parts,
Launch'd with the thickest heads—the bravest hearts :
As empty drums make noise without defence,
So these are but the tympanies of sense.

NEXT Wills's came,—where Saunders stood aloof
To see so long a room,—so high a roof :
Such noble furniture, so grand a bar ;
So fair a Dame amidst such pomp of war,
Struck Sawney dumb,—as Sawney did not ken
This heavy tribe of Neptune's Gentlemen,
Silent he bow'd with all a Scotsman's grace,
To the good Dame the Goddess of the place :

A Goddess,

A Goddess, if great merits merit fame ;
 As tender Mother, and a gentle Dame :
 In all a Woman, to all good inclin'd,
 A loving heart, with an unspotted mind.——
 If I omit the Master,——“ on my life”
 (You'll cry) he's partial to the good man's wife,
 It is not so ;——I bear him some esteem,
 But my *Ideas* are below the theme. ——
 If I forget thee TOM, or more thy dues,
 With boiling coffee scald my little Muse :
 Yet sure the friend deserves a better doom,
 Who kindly gives thee *faithful* for thy Tomb.
 By Tom's good counsel, Sawney went his gait,
 Close by that Fabric, where, in naval state
 Neptune's Vicegerents reign.——So short their sway,
 'Tis hard to tell who blows the shell to-day ;
 Should Neptune pay a visit to this place,
 Is there one Lord would know his Monarch's face ?

ANSON'S it was who reign'd with credit long,
 A voice long practis'd in the nautic song ;
 Merit he had, for merit prov'd his care,
 Tho' Nobles unprovided damn'd the Bear.

Rough were his manners, but his soul was brave,
 How much an honest man, how much a Knave
 I can't define.—Suffice it then to sing,
 He serv'd his Country, and he lov'd his King.
 Some favour'd few, have bask'd beneath his smiles,
 Obtain'd more prizes, and acquir'd more spoils;
 Amongst that few, 'twas He alone could say,
 He only rais'd one *Coward* to the Sea.
 Run o'er the lists, what MINISTER can boast;
 He only rais'd one Villain to a post?
 A fault this was;—(for many NOBLES swore)
 They knock'd, they call'd;—they heard, they saw the door:
 Yes, there he swerv'd from that most civil rule,
 To pass a NOBLE whom he knew a TOOL:
 Tho' oft in spite of reason, and the man,
 High, very high connections broke his plan:
 This we may say without offence or fear,
 He liv'd to Sev'nty, and he died a PEER.

ESTRANG'D from KINDRED G—— next appears,
 G—— adorn'd with honours and with years:
 So blest, so perfect in the arts to please,
 So full of eloquence, so full of ease,

So full of manners, and so well array'd,
 A Prince he seems,—and for a *Levee* made :
 Ask what you will no MINISTER so kind,
 If bore by water, and if mov'd by wind :
 He, in the HOUSE pass'd other Gentlemen ;
 Barring the *gentle Shepherd*—" you know when."
 From that he leap'd to favour, and to grace :
 And holds, and shakes ; but shakes, and holds the place.

THE third was Cinque-port,—Cinque port took the helm,
 Fitter to rule a Bagnio, than a realm :
 Prime Prince of Pimps, of meretricious fame,
Callous alike to honour, and to shame :
 Studious to have a friend, when fairly won,
 Studious to have that very friend undone :
 Studious, if any study yet he had,
 To prove to pimps, to whores, how rash, how mad :
 A very Statesman ever in disguise,
 In all a Proteus,—but in forming lies :
 Fond of sedition, without hopes of fame,
 Strenuous to sink in credit, rise in shame ;
 So deep in vice repentance cannot mend,
 Alike prevaricates with God, and friend :

In words so blasphemous the Drury race,
 Have scream'd for mercy and forsook the place ;
 Impiety himself his converse fled,
 For fear the house should tumble on his head ;
 A sad, bad Atheist, an Adulterer,
 Blotted in every page of Character.
 Flagitious more by half than what I've said ;
 Yet he was heard to curse the Orlean * Maid,
 To blush pretended, trembled at such crimes,
 And with a Bishop rail'd at bawdy rhimes.
 DULLNESS himself astonish'd, rose, and swore,
 " He never heard the Devil preach before."
 So Satan tempted Angels in disguise,
 Fair was his form, within were sin, and lies.
 Satan prevail'd,——triumphant Satan reigns,
 O'er Freedom bound in honourable chains :
 Great in his wounds the BRITISH Freedom lies,
 Certain of refuge in his native skies.

'Tis E—g—t's now ;—a genius known, and great,
 Able to bear the pillars of a state !

* Pucelle D'Orleans.

Fitter, if Ministers require a head,
 To steer a Kingdom, than to heave a lead.
 Seamen we think should hold the reins, the whip,
 Seamen must know a windmill from a ship :
 'Tis not suppos'd that men of rank and ease,
 Should be fit judges of unsettl'd seas :
 How is it possible, that they should tell,
 How anchors start, how western winds compel,
 How dangers yawn upon a hard lee shore,
 How tides deceive, and how the Gaskets* bore :
 How foes escape in spite of ev'ry care,
 Tho' Hawke was *here*,—and tho' the French were *there*.
 It would be better if in one to find,
 The Seaman's knowledge, to the Statesman's join'd ;
 For note, I do not mean to make defence,
 That ev'ry Seaman's blest with common sense :
 Eg—t would shine, would grace a Council board,
 HERVEY would prove Tar, Minister, and Lord.

MY journey's done—and thank the happy hour,
 See, Sawney enters at the BRITISH door :

* Rock in the English Channel.

See where he stands amidst a spaniel crowd
 Of fawning Pharisees, as poor as proud:
 Who true to instinct *ken* the leering Loon,
 And all the Booby praise, in one dull tune.
 Equally partial to the knave, and fool,
 All take the Berwick oath, and keep the rule:
 Partial alike from Beggars, up to Peers;
 Tho' from the head the pill'ry tore the ears:
 'Tis strange these pilgrims of the frigid North,
 Should prove as true to Knaves, as true to worth;
 Honour, or honesty they ne'er prefer,
 For in one word,—"A Scot's a character."

Now ridicule thy HOGARTH'S grin assume;
 Behold thy Champions spurn the fanded room:
 Champions on pride, and beggary begot,
 "Living ridiculous, and dead forgot."

AMONGST the Legions for thy partial cause,
 Could not one man be found whose Country's laws
 Gave sanction to his deeds? Must Champions rise
 For hapless SCOTLAND under Gallic skies?

Ignoble deed,——to drag a wretch, who stood
In arms ;——in arms against his Country's good :
A fool, a fugitive ;——without debate,
A base, sad out-cast both of Church and State.
Was he the man ?——the rebel sword to wield
O'er WILKES, o'er LIBERTY in Gallia's field ?
Preposterous, low, ignoble, base-born plan,
Presumptuous slave ! to *dare* an ENGLISHMAN.

SEE how the pebble stirs the peaceful rill,
Another circle, and another still.
So spread the Champions in a rotten cause,
To tread on Englishmen, and English laws.
TARTUB come forth,——thou Falstaff of thy age,
With Pistol too, thy antient, bully, page :
New, huge edition of Don Quixot slain,
And FORBES the Sancho Panza of thy train.

ENOUGH, enough,——ye wind-mill Heroes hence,
And in the steady scale of common sense
Weigh your opinions, conducts, follies, parts,
Your heads how heavy, and how light your hearts :

Truth

Truth will unbias'd shew—where error lies,
 How much you've swerv'd,—from all that's brave and wise,
 How Scots aspiring against BRITAIN fell,
 How you aspiring against SANSR rebel.

'Tis right the noble should the *base* controul:
 Or Scots in time would tyrant o'er the whole:
 Freedom, such Tyrants checks;—resolv'd to bind
 Unthinking beings, false, rebellious, blind.

SOME few there are may call the MUSE severe,
 Some name her censure just,—her praise sincere:
 Minds void of principle she will not spare,
 But blot the word where VIRTUE drops a tear:
 She bears no prejudice to name, or spot,
 Scot, Spaniard, Prussian, Dutch, or Hottentot:
 Thro' partial zeal to no one sect a rod,
 But pleas'd surveys the virtuous sent from God.

SAWNEY, altho' amidst his own dear race,
 Could not conceive so gay, so grand a place
 Should be a fit receptable for him,
 So rude in manners, and so rude in trim:

Green

Green cloth to seat, what ruffet sod before,
 In native luxury supinely bore !
 Upon the wall intent he fix'd his eye,
 And gaz'd astonish'd at a brighter sky :
 A form he saw :——and started with surprise,
 It started too :——he fix'd,——it fix'd it's eyes :
 He mov'd,——it mov'd,——he touch'd——it touch'd as soon ;
 The shining substance stagger'd more the Clown :
 He felt behind,——and still the myst'ry grew,
 He struck the phantom, and the mirrour flew :
 Then to the bar with bleeding fingers reel'd,
 And told, elated, “ how he'd *bang'd the Chield* : ”
 Poor Mrs. D——s, (for I love the Dame,
 And if I say ought hurtful endless shame
 Perch on my iron brow :)——gave such a squall,
 What flesh can stand, if glass, if china fall ?
 What mighty souls at times have women shown :
 Yet wept,——
 A Monkey strangl'd, or a Parrot flown,
 I should advise her in these *fragil* times,
 To give attention to a poet's rhimes,
 To move her glasses, to reduce her bar,
 For fear these Quixotes should repeat the war ;

As loaded waggons daily come from thence,
 Repute with valour, modesty, and sense;
 Nobly, and justly grateful, meek, and good,
 They leave the carcass when they've suck'd the blood.
 In power imperious, fervile out of place,
 False at the bottom, and ignobly base!
 Partial to Scots, whom honour can't approve,
 And vile, sad rebels to the prince they love:
 Of praise ambitious, without parts to steer,
 Serenely dull, and stupidly severe:
 Tell me, I'll give you leave, if you can find,
 A place yet visited by light or wind
 Without a Scot,——sad pilgrims of the earth,
 Yet boast in GUINEA pedigree, and birth
 Subsist like toads, in ev'ry foreign hole,
 From East to West, from Java to the pole;
 Morose in spirit, and depriv'd of ease,
 Intent to ruin, and unknown to please.

HERE satire pause,——nor in the name of Scot,
 Let honour, truth, and candour be forgot.
 Some men there are as justly worthy praise,
 As many censure in these *partial* days;

Yet

Yet let not spleen destroy the MUSE's plan,
 And with the Rebel wound the honest man :
 Forbid it HEAVEN that one word should flow,
 And injure GRANT *, among the common foe ;
 And many more whom honour must proclaim,
 The first in Virtue, and the first in Fame.

BUT yet forgive me, if I cannot place,
 The vagrant Sawney with th' illustrious Race :
 Now high advanc'd to dignity, and power,
 Yet, shuns thy Coffee as he shuns the poor ;
 Turns if his motto'd Chariot chance to pass,
 Conscious dear Widow that he broke *thy glass*.
 Tempers with honours, Fortunes change with days,
 Virtue with gold, humility with praise :
 Without one gift of genius, or of art,
 And strangely wanting in an honest heart ;
 Curst with insatiate thirst of public fame,
 Yet daily bankrupts it by deeds of shame :
 His stars are curst, they never yield a ray,
 His fog of dullness, dims his sense of day ;

* Son to Sir Ludovic, Member for Elginshire.

Studious, if any study dwells within,
 To prove by deeds polygamy no sin,
 Promiscuous takes, as passions stir his gust,
 Wife, Widow, Concubine to ease his lust.
 What e'er he does makes such a public stir,
 In him alone 'tis natural to fur.
 The very Scots, who rais'd the thing to fame,
 Now curse their humours, and the *Calf* reclaim:
 In contemplation shrink at iron bars,
 And wave remembrances of *rebel* wars.
 Meet, daily weep, and weeping curse the hour,
 That brought the *SAWNEY* to the British door;
 Numbers run o'er th' advertisement * with pain,
 And vow to *SCOTLAND* they'll *gang back again*:
 Others more resolute memorials buy,
 And creep for wealth beneath a savage sky:
 No more of *ENGLAND*; cross the briny seas,
 And pick up principles from *CHERROKEES*.

* Alluding to two advertisements; one for goods and passengers to Scotland,
 the other for memorials and petitions.

